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LOVE SONGS
OLD & NEW

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LOVE SONGS OLD & NEW

PICTURES BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

DECORATIONS BY
WILL JENKINS



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T H E B O B B S - M E R R I L L C O M P A N Y
P U B L I S H E R S

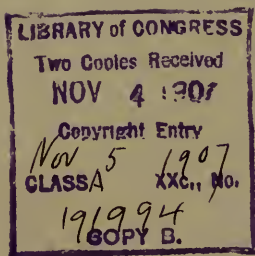
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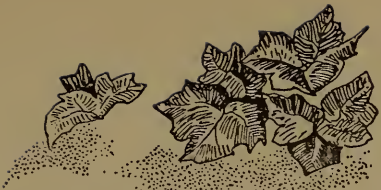
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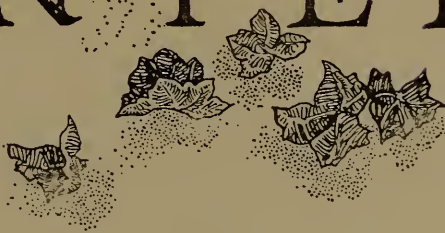
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WHEN last "good-nights" have all been said,
And glancing firelight, soft and red,
Rests on my books, a silent row,
And flickering shadows come and go,
 Then, Sweetheart, then,
This book recalls your loveliness.

For as the singers' numbers flow
They bring again the Long-ago
When your smile made the room seem bright,
And wise we talked of Life and Right;—
 Then, dear, 'twas then,
Your voice fell like a sweet caress.

And each book loved your fingers light,
Late lingering on its pages white;
When, sweeter, since 'twas you who read,
There spoke some lover's voice, long dead,
 Then, Sweetheart, then,
What joy should come, we could not guess.

Dedication





LOVE SONGS
OLD & NEW







D

RINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine:
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

To Celia





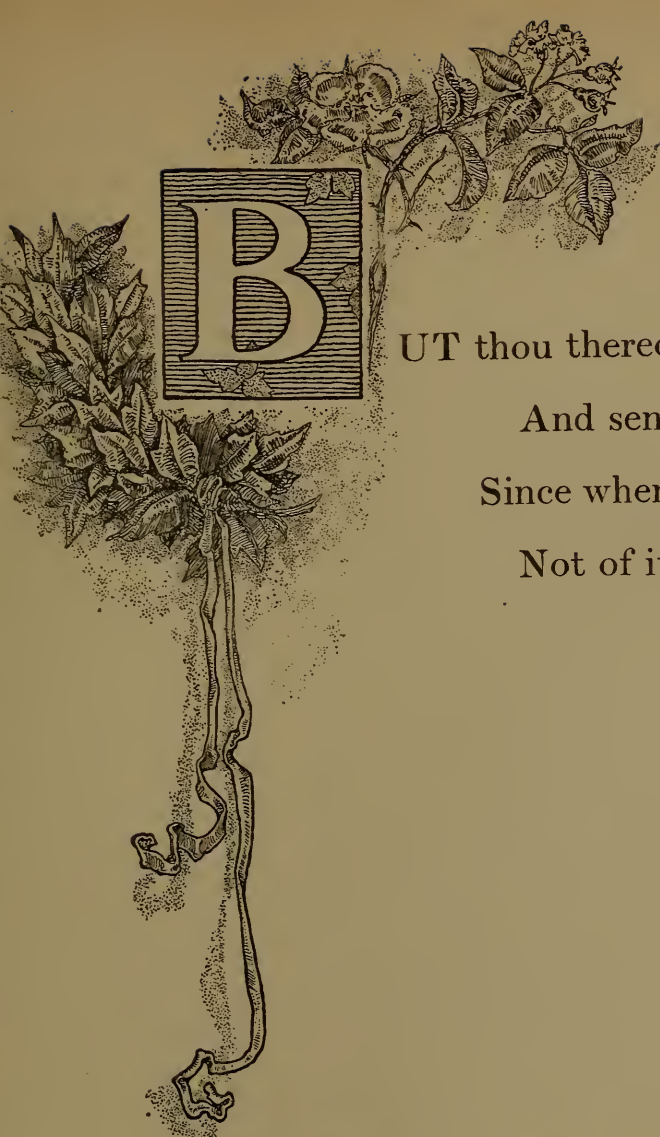
I

SENT thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;

To Celia







B

UT thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

To Celia



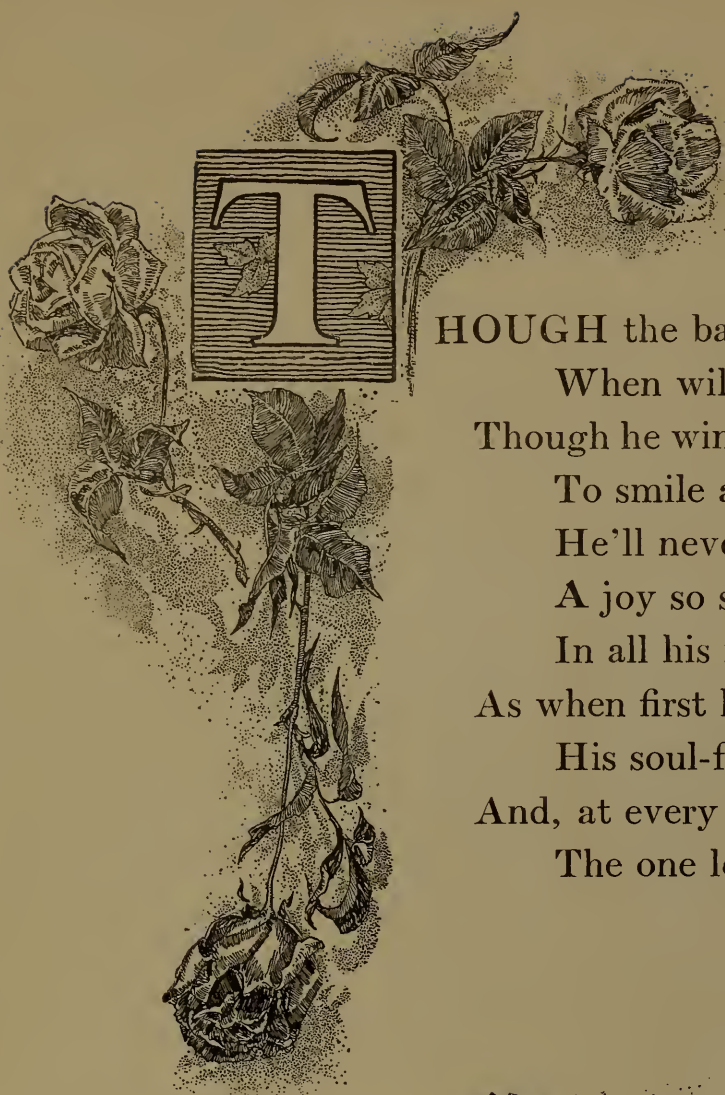




H! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream;
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Love's Young Dream





T

HOUGH the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he wins the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

Love's Young Dream







N

O—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's wingéd dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

Love's Young Dream







E fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

Ae Fond Kiss





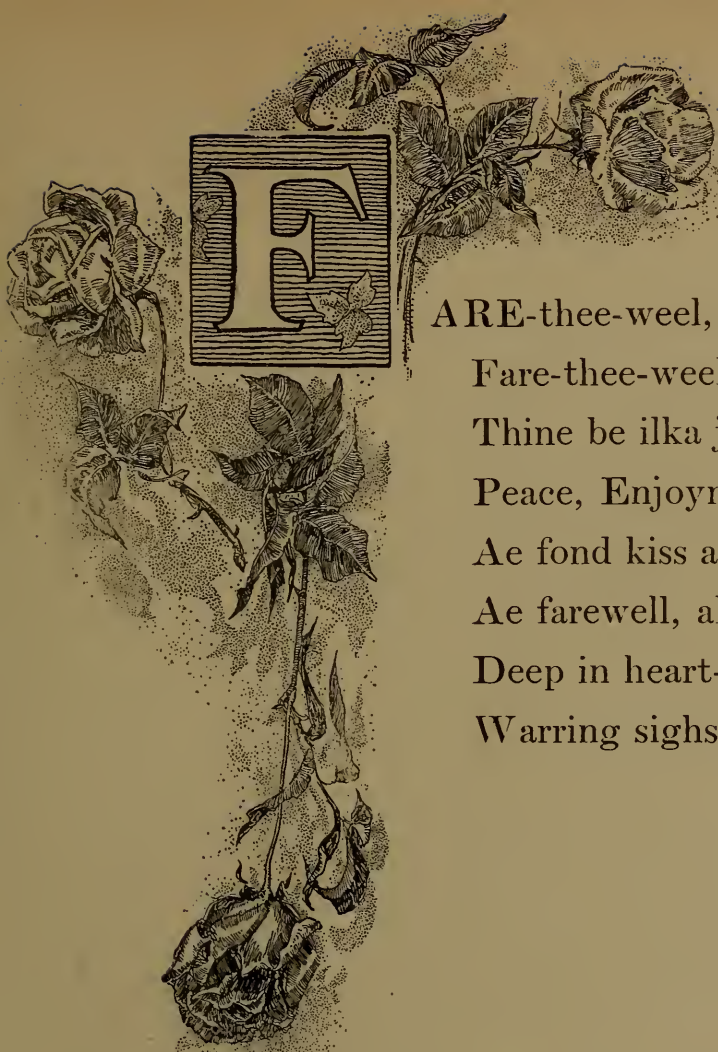
L

'LL ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy!
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Ae Fond Kiss







F

ARE-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!

Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!

Thine be ilka joy and treasure,

Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss and then we sever!

Ae farewell, alas, for ever!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Ae Fond Kiss







HERE are you going, my pretty maid ?
Where are you going, my pretty maid ?
I'm going a milking, sir, she said, sir, she
said, sir, she said ;
I'm going a milking, sir, she said.

Shall I go with you, my pretty maid ?
Shall I go with you, my pretty maid ?
Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir, she said,
sir, she said, sir, she said ;
Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid





HAT is your fortune, my pretty maid ?

What is your fortune, my pretty maid ?

My face is my fortune, sir, she said, sir, she
said, sir, she said ;

My face is my fortune, sir, she said.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid







T

HEN I can't marry you, my pretty maid !

Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid !

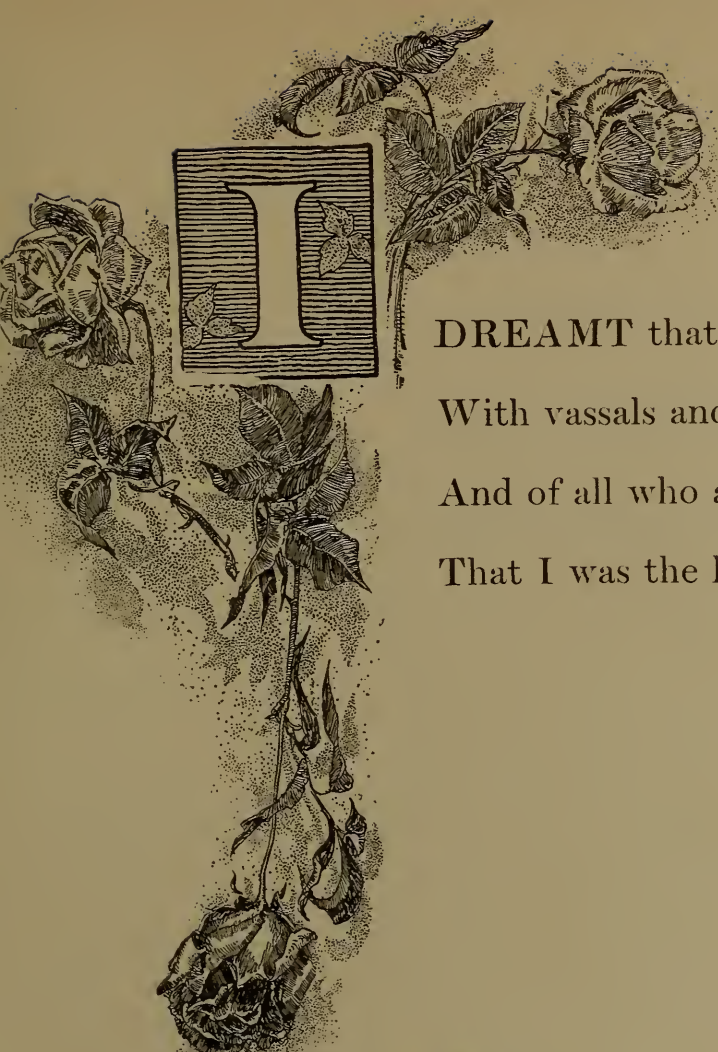
Nobody ax'd you, sir, she said, sir, she said,
sir, she said ;

Nobody ax'd you, sir, she said.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid





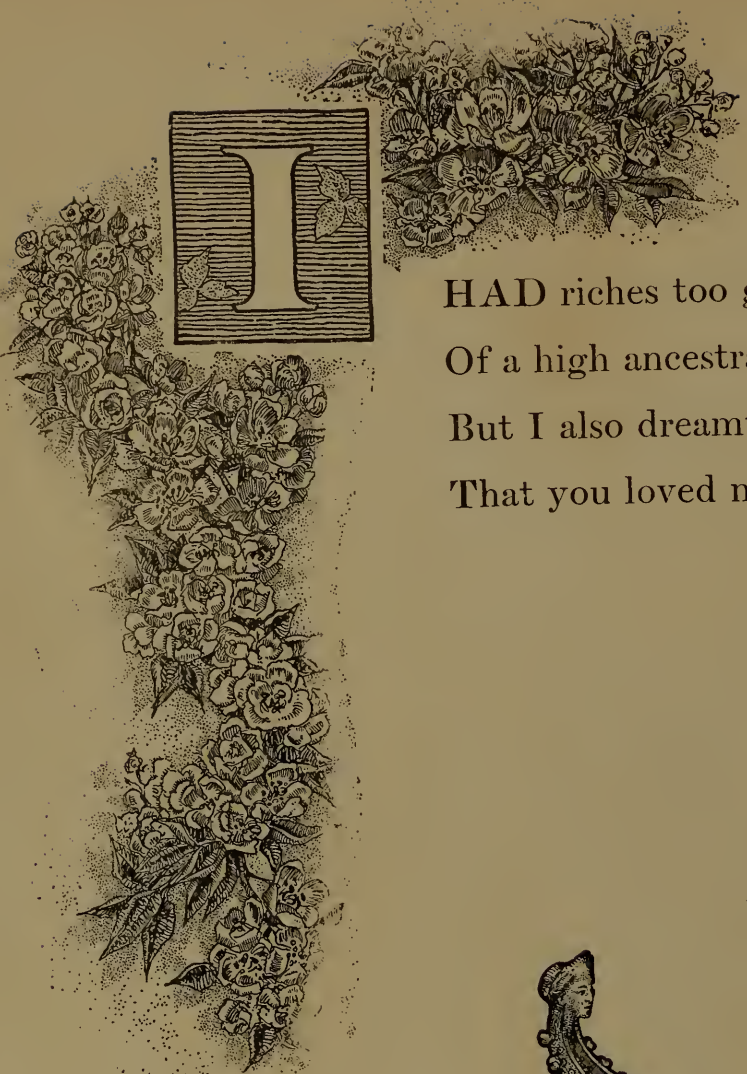


I

DREAMT that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That I was the hope and the pride.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls





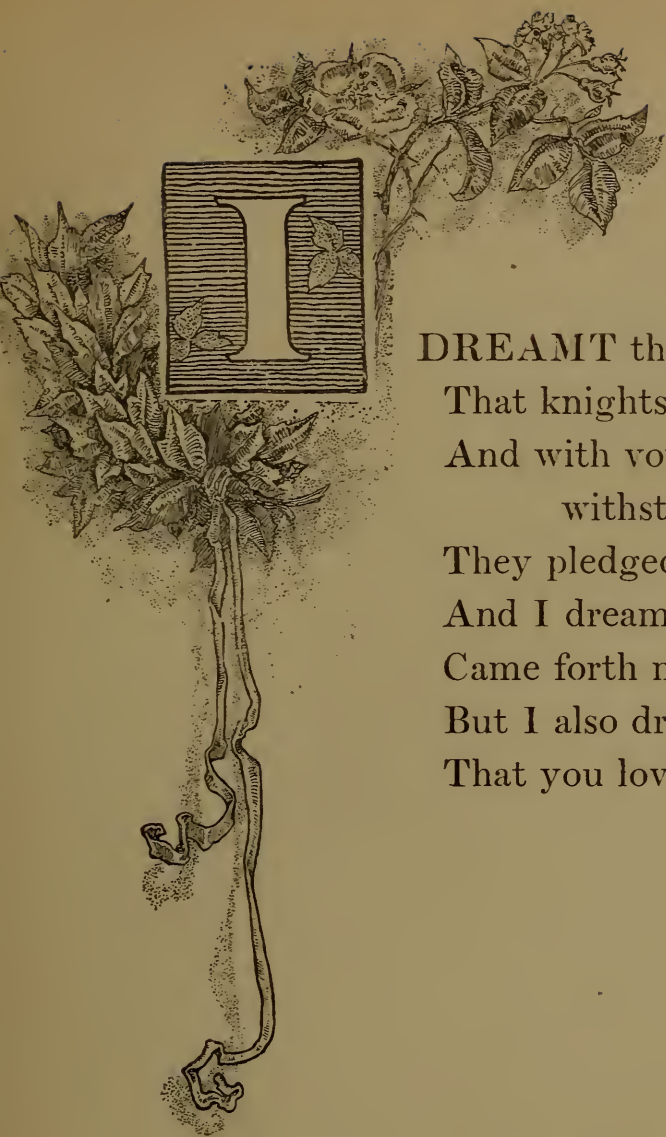
I

HAD riches too great to count—could boast
Of a high ancestral name,
But I also dreamt which pleas'd me most,
That you loved me still the same.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls







DREAMT that suitors sought my hand ;
That knights upon bended knee ;
And with vows no maiden's heart could
 withstand
They pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim,
But I also dreamt which pleas'd me most,
That you loved me still the same.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls







F all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the streets does cry them,
Her mother she sells laces long,
To all who need to buy them.
But can such folks the parents be
Of such a girl as Sally?
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Sally in Our Alley





F all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm dressed all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Sally in Our Alley







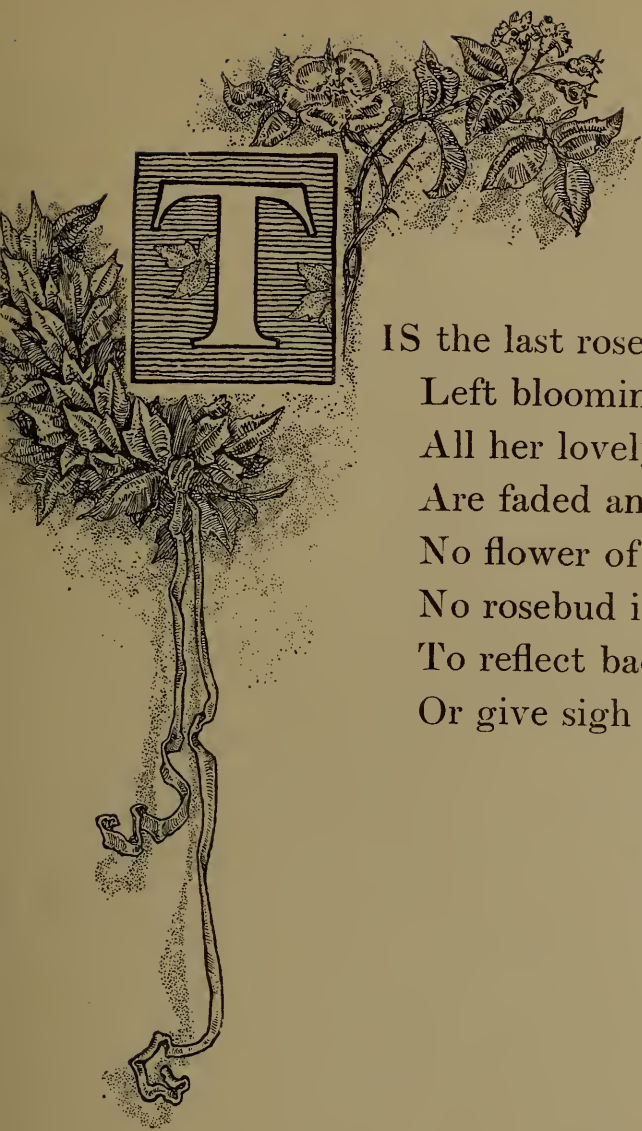
WHEN Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money,
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey,
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her I'd better be
A slave and row a galley.
But when my sev'n long years are out,
Oh then I'll marry Sally,
And when we're wed we'll blithesome be,
But not in our alley.

Sally in Our Alley







IS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes.
Or give sigh for sigh!

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer





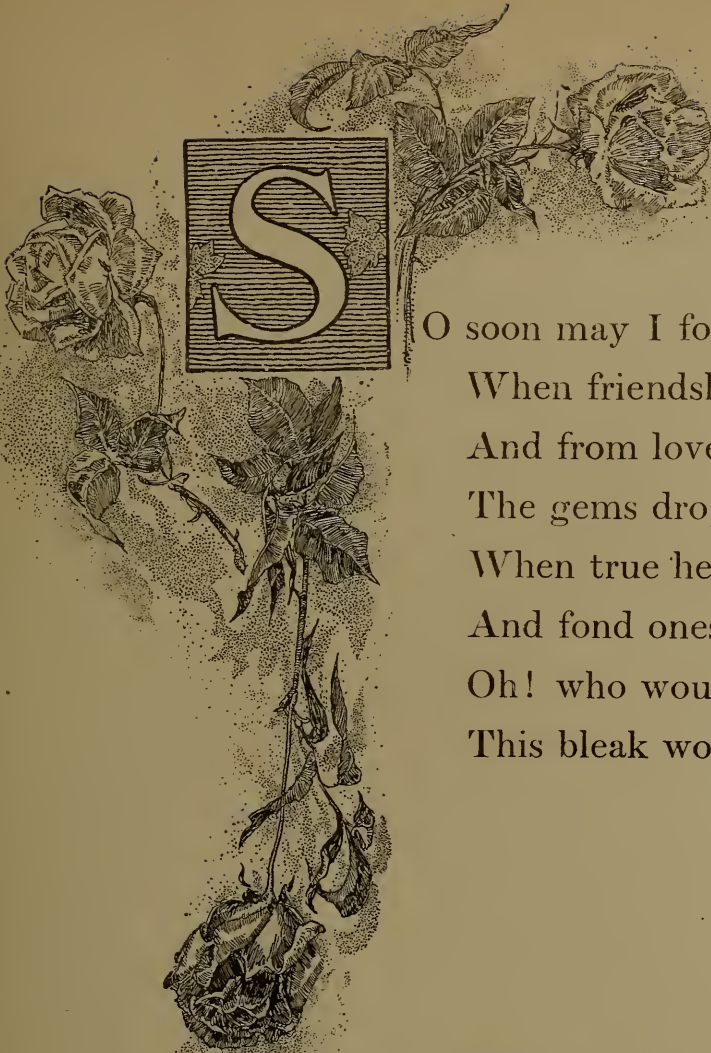
L

'LL not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter,
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer







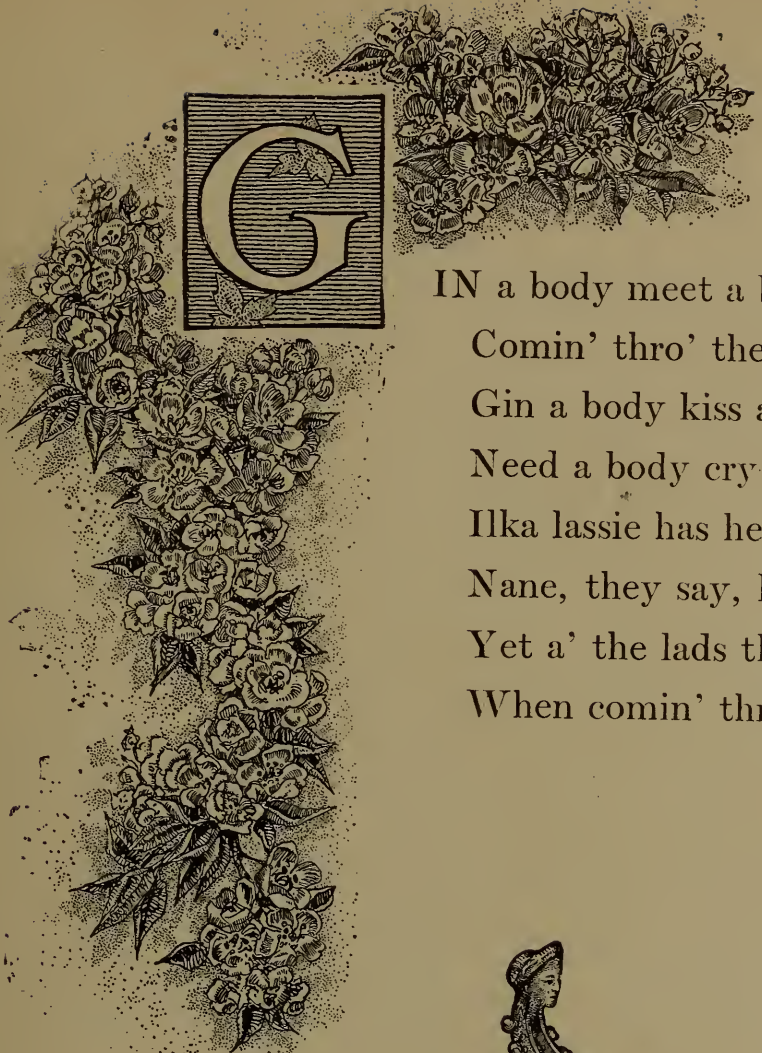
S

O soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer





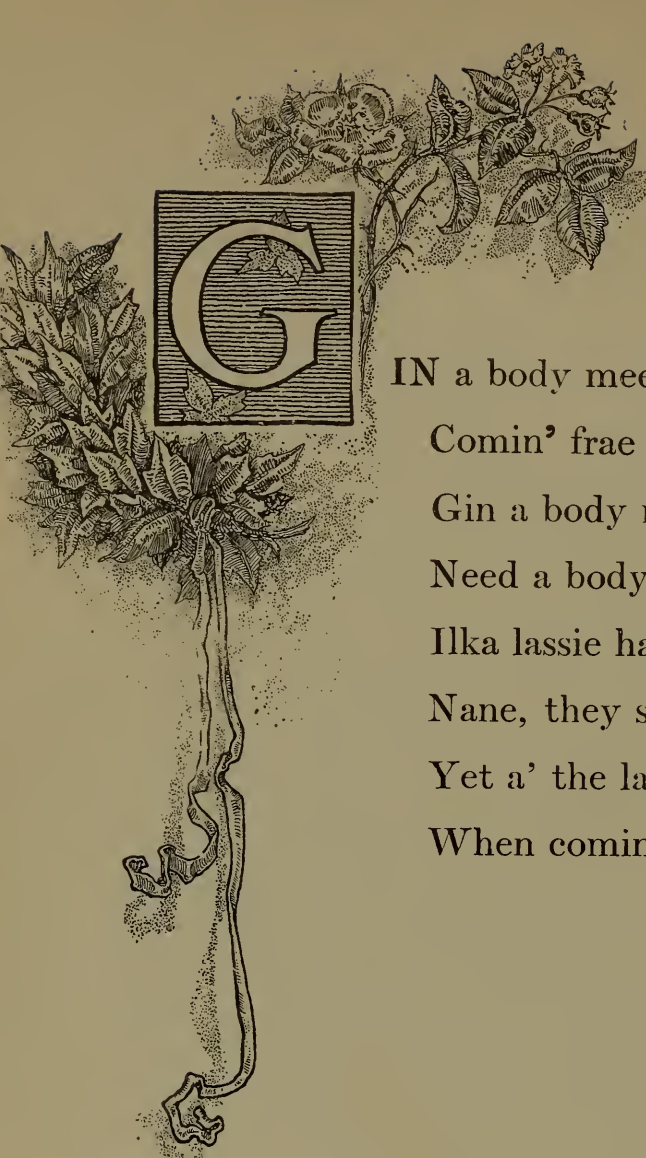


G

IN a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Comin' Thro' the Rye





G

IN a body meet a body

Comin' frae the town,

Gin a body meet a body,

Need a body frown?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,

Nane, they say, hae I,

Yet a' the lads they smile at me

When comin' thro' the rye.

Comin' Thro' the Rye





A

MANG the train there is a swain

I dearly lo'e mysel' ;

But what his name, or whaur his hame,

I dinna care to tell.

Ilka lassie has her laddie,

Nane, they say, hae I,

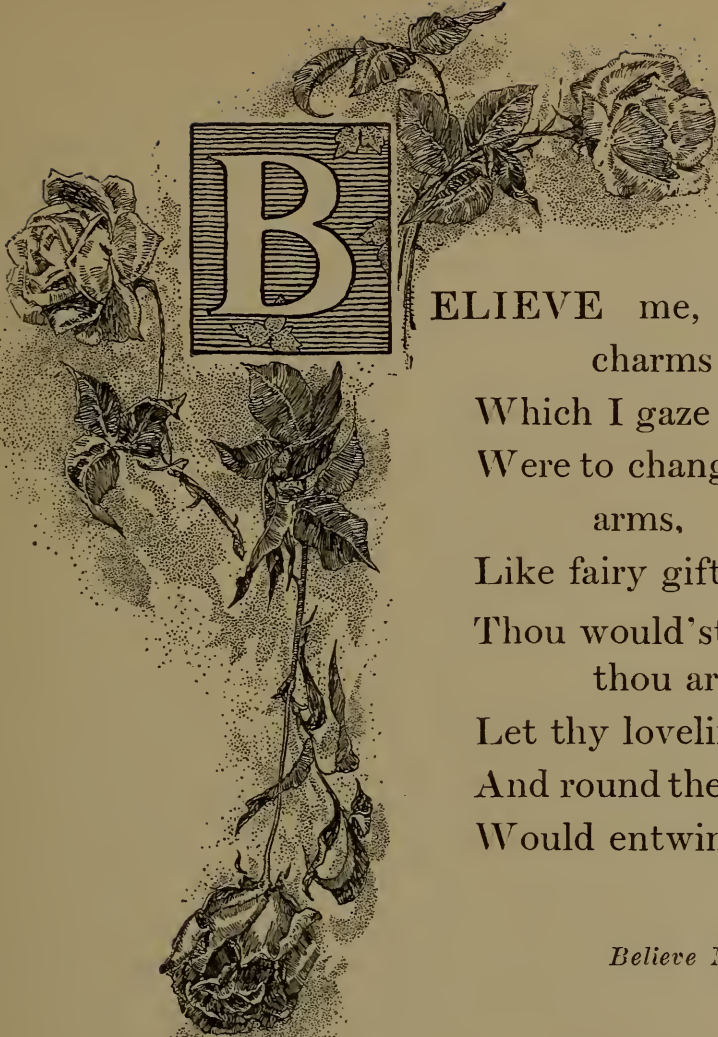
Yet a' the lads they smile at me

When comin' thro' the rye.

Comin' Thro' the Rye







B

ELIEVE me, if all those endearing young
charms

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my
arms,

Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment
thou art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And round the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms



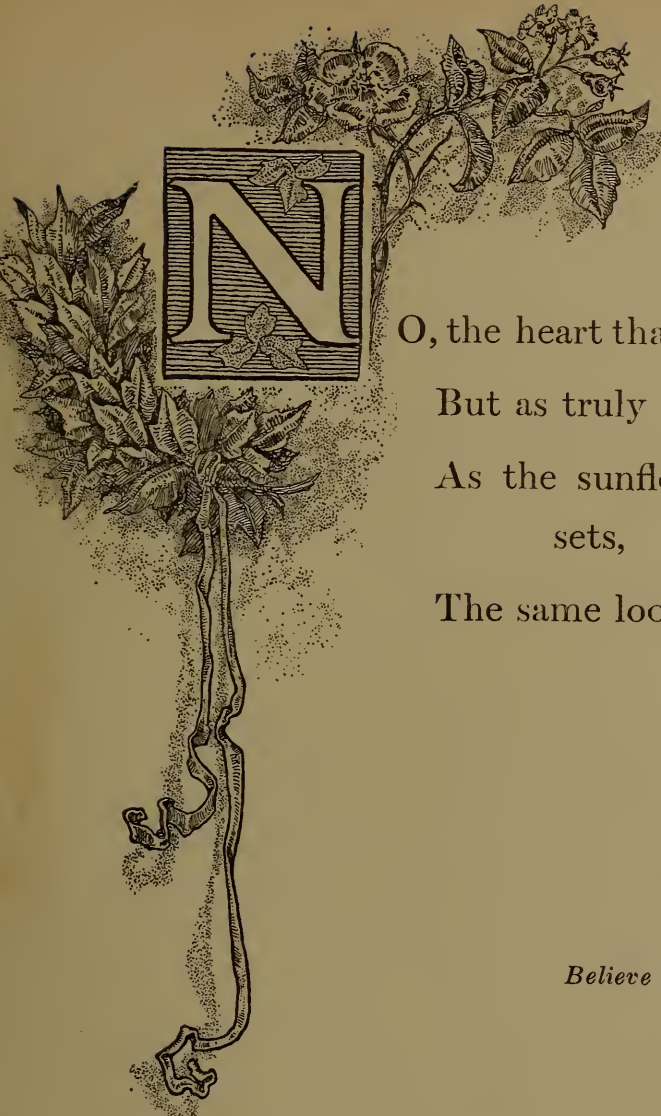


T is not while beauty and youth are thine own
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be
known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;

Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms







N

O, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he
sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose,

Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms







I

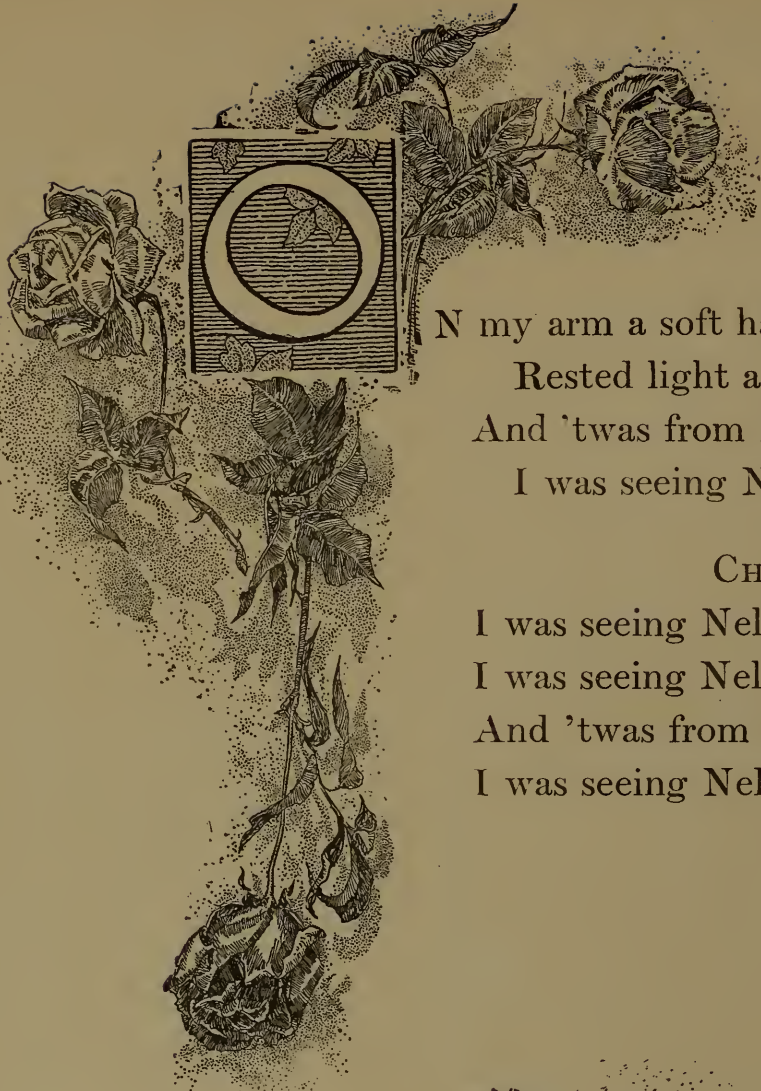
N the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS:

I was seeing Nellie home;
I was seeing Nellie home;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

The Quilting Party





ON my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean-foam;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS:

I was seeing Nellie home;
I was seeing Nellie home;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

The Quilting Party







N my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS—I was seeing Nellie home, etc.

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS—I was seeing Nellie home, etc.

The Quilting Party







COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True





TO call back the days that are not!

My eyes were blinded, your words were few :
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True







NEVER was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True







H promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew,
Those first sweet violets of early spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and
sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be;
Oh promise me, Oh promise me!

Oh Promise Me





H promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise,

Oh Promise Me







H

HEARING God's message while the organ rolls,

Its mighty music to our very souls,

No love less perfect than a life with thee;

Oh promise me, Oh promise me!

Oh Promise Me







HAT'S this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He whom I long to see,
No more is here,
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heav'n on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

Robin Adair





WHAT made th' assembly shine?

Robin Adair;

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there.

What when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore?

Oh! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

Robin Adair







B

UT now thou'rt far from me,

Robin Adair;

Far o'er the raging sea,

Robin Adair.

Yet him I lov'd so well

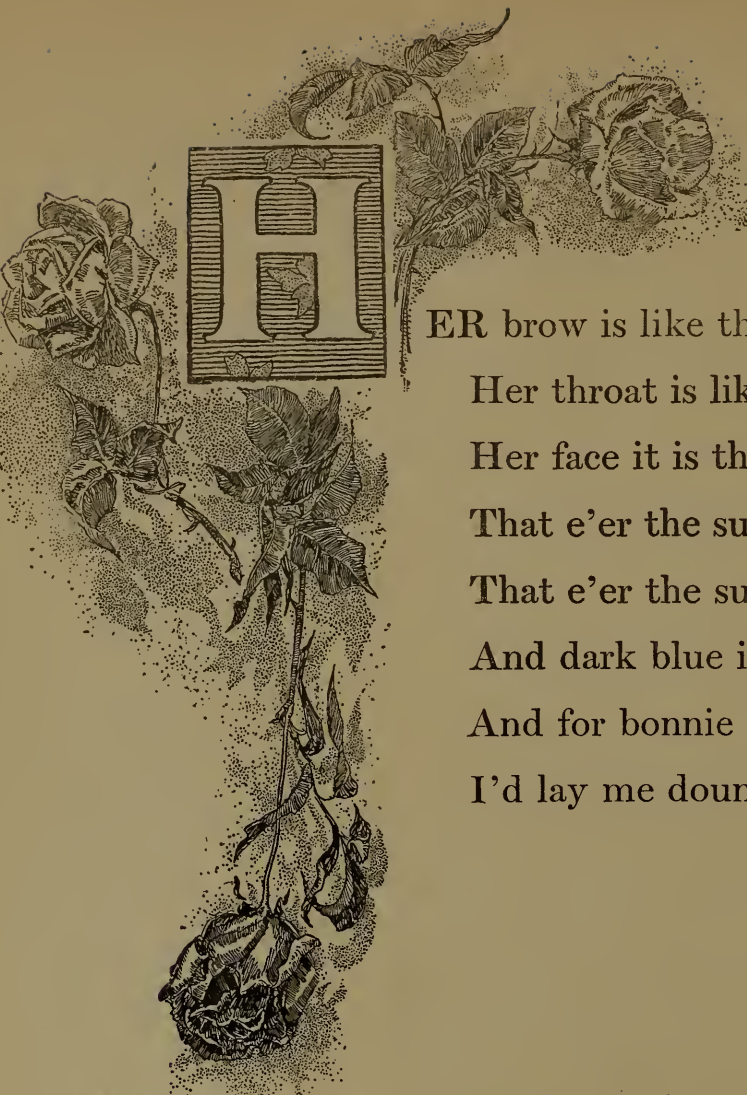
Still in my heart shall dwell;

Oh! I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

Robin Adair





H

ER brow is like the snaw drift,

Her throat is like the swan;

Her face it is the fairest

That e'er the sun shone on,

That e'er the sun shone on;

And dark blue is her e'e:

And for bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me doune and dee.

Annie Laurie





Wm. M. W. 1851



LIKE dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Annie Laurie







'M lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.

I seek no more the fine and gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I've left behind me.

The Girl I Left Behind Me





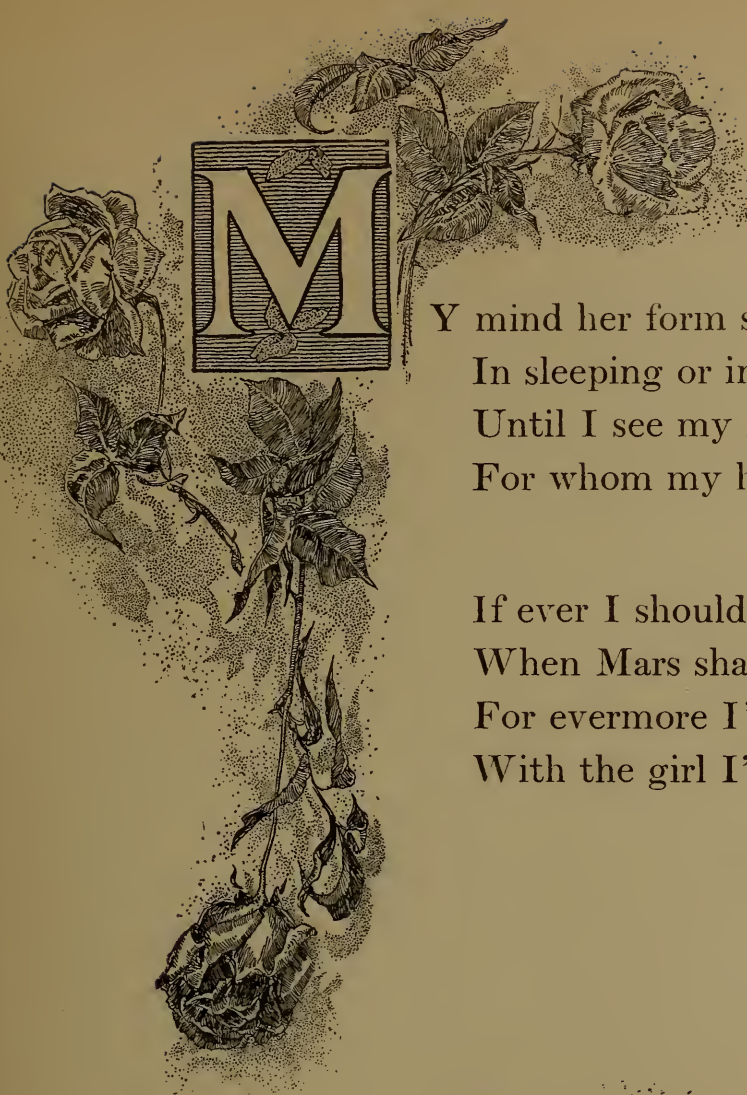
H! ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vowed she loved me.

But now I'm bound for Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven, may favor find me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The Girl I Left Behind Me







M

Y mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.

If ever I should see the day,
When Mars shall have resigned me,
For evermore I'll gladly stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

The Girl I Left Behind Me







ONCE in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song,
And in the dusk when fell the fire-light gleam
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

Love's Old Sweet Song





VEN to-day we hear Love's song of yore,

Deep in our hearts it dwells for ever more ;

Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,

Still we can hear it at the close of day.

So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall

Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Love's Old Sweet Song







J

UST a song at twilight
when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows
softly come and go ;
'Tho' the heart be weary,
sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight
comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

Love's Old Sweet Song





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